The Past Year Dead, the Contury Dying ly Ideas of Heaven Far Short

The subject of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's New Year's discourse was "The Coming Glory," his text being: Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, ne'ther have entered into the heart of man the things

which God bath prepared for them that love He said: 1888. How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead, but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired.

None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the twentieth century will see the nineteenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glorie: to come, which shall utter y eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eye hath not seen nor ear heard anything like the ad-

The City of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy-yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention can not equal, lifted ships from the sea on one s'de and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive grove that lined the beach to collect a the beach to colle from all nations. mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fount-nins into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corin-thian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead-vases so costtil he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced. no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of mmns, and towers, and temples (one thouscitadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a beap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied

Oh! It was not to rust'cs who had never seen any thing grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning portices and melt-ing in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthiau brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the barmonic of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. The statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eve hath not seen nor ear heard, have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared

You see my text sets forth the idea that however exalted our ideas may be of Heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabit-nuts there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate: That, after all the nations have been gathered to Heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen nor car heard," nor arithmetics calculated. I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the wealth of Heaven. When you were a child, and when you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street— you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in you cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a cerness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and ro-bust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses-health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the mir; health flowing in all the streams health blocming on the banks. No head aches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the andown with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete — forever young again. That night when the needle-woman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenlasting years to have neither ache, nor

pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, car bath not heard it." "I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of Heaven. John tries to describe them. wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and bread for her children. The sour will

sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the

John bids us look again, and we thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the spostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus-throne of God.

martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God.
And we turn round to see the glory and
it is thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again and we see the
great procession of theredeemed passing;
Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march,
and all the armies of Heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Genera-tions before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and al! chimes rung, and all halle God, most high," and some, "Hosanna to the son of David," and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"-till all exclamation of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of Heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge "Amen, amen, and amen!"

hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will ge no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every strok) from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubiles, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of Heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joys, after we have passed the seas of death to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say: "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of disappeared, and feeling the joy of the blessed land, methinks we will say not now imagine: "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet in part. It is good-bye, good-bye. Fare-wells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window and at the steamboat wharf-good-bye. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way-"good-bye!" and some-times with auguish. in which the soul breaks down. Good-bye! Ah! that is the word that ends the thankgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-bye, good-bye.

But not so in Heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our cir cles of earth to join it, little voices to join the anthem-little hands to take hold in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups, a group this side of the river, and a group on th other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we can not hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It is graves here, and cuffins and bearses here. A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother next day, they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, ooking down at the body of the mother, "Is this Heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what Heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making youder. Merbinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to he newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these we orn to pieces at the inquisition; this is should follow him," said the dving boy

the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus."
The missionary said: "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to Heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from Heaven-what then?" "I then?" The dying boy thought for a mo ment, and then said. "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh! to stand in his presence! That will be Heaven! Oh! to put our hand in that hand to go around amid the groups of the re-deemed, and shake hands with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we can not imagine it now, our beloved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? is it well with the loved ones?" and w listen to bear if any voice come listen to bear if any voice comes back over the waters. None! none! Unbelief says: "They are dead, and they are annihilated;" but blessed be God! we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on. coming, and that we shall join them or reunion! We can not grasp it now.

Eye hath not seen, nor eas heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the thing which God hath prepared for them that love

Oh what a place of explanation it will

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, alms-houses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortunate that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illum ned as plainly as though the answer were writ-ten on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lezarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit: and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn

all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that

anthem here. We appreciate the power

the power of accred song? There is nothing more inspiriting to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tuner they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. There are still sones. our father's house. They are still spark ling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hea bese old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and city church, and sailors' bethel, and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the dexology and the scepters of eternity beat time in ling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victori wars, don't we cheer them and shout "Huzza," "Huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus' name? Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all. But, my friends, if music on earth is sweet, what will it be in Heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of the ages will join it-choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs choirs of aposties. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their parps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on !-- other empires joining the har mony till the thrones are al thrones are all full, and the nations all saved.
Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus,
join chorus, and all the sweet
sounds of earth and Heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpe will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her

matchless voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the Heavenly door opens to day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from Heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the mul-

and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the Church in Heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the cise of this sovereign power; and the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we manufacture and the wholesale and

MEDICAL ETHICS.

The Duty of Doctors Concerning Patien Known to Be Felons. A circular has recently been issued by Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, asking each physician who receives a cop to give information to the agency in case suspicious person should come to him for treatment of a gunshot wound of the jaw. It seems that burgiars entered the residence of the cashier of the Farmers' Bank of Nev Castle, Del., where the bank is also located and attempted to overpower the cashiel and his family. A fight ensued, and the lars. The ball is supposed to have entered the mouth of the burglar, shattering the jawbone and carrying away with it a por cion of the bone—a piece of which has been found in the blood which came from the wound, and experts pronounce it a part of

the jawbone.

The detective agency wishes the co-operation of medical men in securing the appro-hens on of this criminal, and we hope they

may have it. guard the secrets of their patients, and especially when to reveil them would expose the patients to shame or punishment. But this rule can not be strained so as to apply to the case of a murderous fug tive from justice. A man who breaks into the house of a keeper of other people's moneys, and makes an attempt upon his life in order to complete a felony, is an outlaw, and whatever pity any man or any phy sician might teel toward him should be counteracted by the pity he feels for every law-abiding citizen. When the conse-quences of his crime bring a dangerous criminal to the notice of a medical man, we hold it to be a duty that the latter should disclose the fact to the proper authorities, and not hold back from any false notions in regard to professional confidences.

Medical and Surgical Reporter.

THE WRONG WAY.

Some of the Results of Luck of System When she rises from the table she grabe up half a dozen knives and forks, carries them to the sink, and, as the dish pan is missing, drops them into the sink. There she begins a hunt for the pan. After five or tan minutes' search it occurs to her that the hens. She soon finds it, but it is covered with mud, for the hens have made a foot bath of it. After bringing it in and wash ing it, she puts the half-dozen knives and forks into the pan; then turns around looks at the table, trying to decide what she will do next. In a few minutes she goes to the table and picks up some plates, but puts them down, deciding that she will take a cup and saucer, which she pats into the dish-pan. It now occurs to her that the milk pitcher should be put in the dairy but on taking it up she finds that two or three flies are bathing in the milk. After searching in vain for a clean spoon she puts her longest finger into the milk, expecting that the files will crawl out on it, but the files are "too fly;" so she goes to the swill paid and tries to turn them out. After twothirds of the milk has run out the flies con thirds of the milk has run out the files con-clude to go with the current. As there is now about two spoonfuls left, she decides that it is not worth saving, and puts the pitcher into the pan to be washed. After tilling the dish-pan with dirty dishes she turns on them about a quart of warm water. She now rattles the crockery ground with the intention of—cleaning it, but as the water is at the bottom of the pan the operation is not a success, so she picks out the articles one by one till the sospeuds are reached. By the time the table is cleared away (it has taken her two hours) sho is too tired to stand up. This is the result of not having any order or system in doing housework - N. E. Homestend

It may be your prayer is like a shrp, which, when it goes on a very long voyage, does not come home laden so soon; but when it does come home, it has a richer treight. Mere "coasters" will bring your coals, or such like ordinary things; but they that go afer to Tarshish, return with gold and ivery Coasting prayers such as we and ivory. Coasting prayers, such as we pray every day, bring us many necessaries; but there are great prayers, which, like the old Spanish galleons, cross the main ocean, and are longer out of sight, but come home deep-laden with a golden freight—C. IL Spanson.

Evns in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had

TEMPERANCE

BACCHANALIAN SONG

" Far Down Thy Depths, Champe Fill high your bowl with fusil oil!
With tannin let your cups be crowned! f strychnia gives relief to toil, Let strychnia's generous juice abound:
With ofl of vitriol cool your brains,
Or, saimated atoms brew:
And fill your arteries, hearts and veins
With else

Ab-h-h! fragrant fume of kreose Bewitching bowl of Prussian Who would not cool his parching throat
With your bright offspring, mountain des
Stronger than aught that wrecked the fran
Or shook the mighty brain of Burns!
Surely, you'll set our heads affame,
Whene'er his festal day returns!

Br'ng on the beer! Fresh copperas foam, With alum mixed in powder fine! How could my foolish fancy roam In search of whiter froth than thine! Thine Indian berry's essence spread Through amber wavelets, aparkling clear, Benumbs dull care, strikes feeling dead,

Far down thy bubbling depths, champagne, Drown'd honor, love and beauty lie! They fought th' unequal fight in vain! Shall we, then, merely drink and die? Sweet acetate of lead, forbid! To ev ry drink add pangs—and tell What to tures in thy bosom hid Anticipate the stings of hell.

Then drink, boys! Drink! We never can Be men—or aught resembling man— While po soners have the power to kill! Amen! From frenzy's screech of mirth, To maud in sorrow's drunken flow,
Let's rave through scenes unmatched on earth
And not to be surpass'd below!

—George Sensott, in N. Y. Graphic.

A DEATH BLOW.

The Supreme Court and the Salcon-Th Power and Majesty of the Law-Supreme Authority from Which There Is No Ap-

The saloon reels under the terriffic blow dealt by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas cases. It reels to and fro and staggers like a drunken man, and is at its wit's end. Its swagger is for the moment gone. Its loud, boastful tones have fallen into a hoarse whisper, and its impertinent challenge to the American people has lost its defiant ring. The power and majesty of law which it has so often scorned, inspire it with an awe it never felt before. It has made its final appeal and has found that there is no way of escape for it from the mighty grip of law. Any State may now declare it a nuisance and proceed to abate it, and it has no remedy except in rebellion. Every phase of the saloon-the brewery, the distillery, the groggery, is subject to the exerthe retail of intoxicants may be as form of nuisance deemed detrimental to health or morals.

The decision of the Supreme Court declares that compensation for damage to property can not be exacted from the State when the manufacture and sale of intoxicants are prohibited. This is the great point decided. Every man, henceforth, who enters into, or continues in, the business of making or selling intoxicants in any State does so at his own risk. His busines may at any time, either by legislative enactment or constitutional provision, be declared a nuisance and be sup pressed as in Kansas or be prohib ited as in Maine and other States. It is in effect a notice to every brewer and distiller and dealer that he must be prepared to give up this business whenever his State commands him to. Formal action by the popular voice or by legislative process outlaws his business, and turns the criminal machinery of the State against him. The moral force of this fact is irresistible. It will mighty weapon of warfare. Let us wield it with all our power.

The decision has robbed the saloon of a strong hope. It "annihilates at once and forever," says the St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens, all hope of protection against the suppression by individual States of the liquor traffic, and "extinguishes irrevocably" all expectations of indemnity. It is "not only a heavy blow to the business interest directly concerned," says the Baltimore Duetsche Correspondent, "but also to the whole movement for the maintenance of personal liberty." Mr. Thoman, one of the chief writers for the brewers, says he has lost "all confidence in the Supreme Court." Louis Schade, attorney for the Brewers' Association of the United States, says it is a terrriile blow, but the brewers must submit. It bars them out of all Prohibition States and local-option counties. Liquor dealers all agree that it settles the question forever so far as the courts are concerned, and that all they can do is to resist the progress of Prohibition.

The contest is narrowed down and simplified by this decision. The saloon, with its whole business is, in effect, delivered into the hands of the people. The people may do what they will with it. They may support it or they may tolerate it; they may cripple it or they may destroy it. Their right to deal with it is henceforth unques-

tioned. The lessons for Temperance men are these: 1st. Be of good cheer. Let this victory inspire you with larger hope and with greater courage. Make the most of it, both for the help of your own cause and the hindrance of that of the saloon. 2d. Do all that is possible to educate and strengthen public sentiment against the saloon. This extremely important work may be pushed by manifold processes. Combine wherever you can and as far as you can for the good of the cause. Combine to cripple as well as to destroy, combine in ward and village and town, as well as in county and State. Combine in legal action, in Legislative work, in political endeavor, in social work, and in religious and other organized movements intended to restrict and save from the curse. 4th. Do not drive those who do not agree with you in methods into the ranks of the enemy. There are some phases of the conflict in which they can be used. Make them allies in the educational work, if they can go no further; in the effort to rescue and re-form, if they will not oppose license. 5th. Shut up a saloon wherever you

and by using all influences, all methods, all advantages, you will steadily gain on the enemy an in the end route and overcome him.

The victory is with us; for the Supreme being and the Supreme Court are on our side, and against the saloon, and from these it has no appeal.-N. Y. Independent.

MAMIE.

How Her Father Was Reformed—They New "Dip Their Taters in Their Own Gravy."

"Mamma, I'm so hungry!" And little Mamie's pale, pinched face was lifted pitifully to her mother's. And the mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard in the corner of the room, took a single cold potato from the shelf, and, paring it, put it into Mamie's hand. "That is every morsel there is in the house, child: take it, and run over to the tayern, and see if you can not get your father to come home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know."

Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old-fashioned English country tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fire-place, and she thought how she would dip her potato into the fat after the woman had taken out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber; but her earnest appeal that he should come home only half roused him from his stupor. So the little one waited for the meal to be served, and then went slyly to the spider and dipped her potato in the hot gravy.

"Get out, you young wench!" proprietor's wife said, coming to the fire, and pushing the child rudely aside. "Go and dip yer tater in yer

own gravy." The father roused then. "What's all this?" he said. He had been a gentleman. Little seven - year - old Mamie could remember when they lived in a home where there were brussels carpets and lace curtains. But step by step the drink had brought them down to the one room, which had neither carpet nor curtains.

"What's all this?" he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver.

"I told the youngster go home and dip her tater in her own gravy.' The drunkard straightened himself

up. A look came into his eyes that rigorously suppressed as any other they had never worn since the day, three years before, when the house and furniture had been sold to pay the rum-seller. "Come, Mamie," he said, catching

the tiny young thing in his arms, and holding her close. "We will dip our taters in our own gravy." He was almost sober now. Going

ut of the door, he met a comrad face to face. "Hi, Michael! ye're jist the on

I'm a-wantin' to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke. "Thank you, kindly, Pat," he said

as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London drawing-room. "We'll surprise the mother," he added, gleefully, to the child.

The mother-poor woman! - was al in both State and Nation, drunkenkneeling by the bedside, with the tears raining down her face. It was the first time she had prayed since, long ago, she had lisped her baby prayer beside her mother's knee. But she wailed out: "O God! give my huscrushed. The supreme interpreter of band back to me! Give him back to our Supreme Law has given us this me, and I will love you and serve you forever." And even while she knelt the door opened, and Mamie flew to her arms.

"O mamma! here's papa, and we've got some bread and butter and bacon and potatoes, and he's never, never

going to drink any more." And the husband of her youth, the man to whom she had clung though all other friends had been lost to her, knelt beside her, and whispered: "It's true, Mary; so help me, God!" And the Almighty help was given, and friends gathered about him, and business prospered with him; and one day he led his wife and daughter back to their old home, and installed them

As Mamie went gayly skipping from room to room, her father said: "My little daughter is very happy."

Clasping her arms around his neck and laying her rosy face close to his, she whispered: "Yes, papa; I dip my taters in my own gravy now."-Mrs. A. C. Morrow, in S. S. Times.

Drinking Farms.

The Plowman, in a characteristic way, tells how men "drink farms:"
"My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have for years longed for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this state ment, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience sake, the lands at forty-three dollars and fifty six cents per acre, you will see that brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry-patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help gulp down that five hundred toot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see now long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre.'

OF ONE MIND-Ragged Social Philosopher (laying a dime on the bar)—
"The rich are getting richer and the
poor poorer." Wealthy Saloonkeeper can. Bring every provision of exist- (dropping the d'me into the drawe ing laws to bear against the business, "Yes, that's so."—Omana World. (dropping the d'me into the drawer)-

NEW YEAR'S HOSPITALITY. Lines Addressed to a Lady of Qu

Well arrayed in his best He will bow at thy shrine. Will you give to your gallant gu The cup of sparkling wine? And will that be the test ship or love, lady mine?

There's a serpent within The red poisonous bowl.

Do you not know it is a sin

To sting the immortal soul?

Not with wine can you win

any loss can control! A heart only love can control!

What will his sister think

Of hospitality That offers the accursed drink

To her brother, and he The bright, the golden link, And the pride of the family?

Will you begin the year

Whose heart to the fine

For the light is Divine

abits of young men.

aloons.

reweries.

Beats with hope? Do you fear Not the fate of the wine-cup's eclip-

Take from thy table the wine:

Try presence is sweeter far Than the tempting viands that shine, Shine like a baleful star,

eams where home and its angels are

ANTI-POVERTY.

What Enforced Prohibition Has Already

Done in Maine, Kansas and Elsewhere.

By careful research and fortified by

iquestioned testimony we find that:

It has made liquor selling a disgrace

It has greatly modified the drinking

It has greatly reduced the number of

It has shut up the distilleries and

It has largely reduced the amount of

It has virtually relieved the commun

It has increased the demand for la

It has added largely to the value of

It has nearly emptied the jails, pris

It has greatly reduced the amount of

It has greatly reduced the number of

railroad, steamboat, and other acci-

It has elevated the moral character

It has largely diminished litigation.

It has contributed to the attendance

It has increased the attendance a

It has greatly increased savings

ank deposits and banking capital.

It has reduced the criminal cases be

fore the court over 50 per cent., and

crime of all kinds, including murders

and violence, have diminished more

It has greatly reduced the taxes

y of tramps and vagrants.

all kinds of property.

ons and poorhouses

sickness.

of the people.

t churches.

than 75 per cent.

creasing railroad traffic.

mation!-Demorest's Monthly.

NO SUPPRESSION OF FACTS.

Maine Prohibitionists May Have Access t

licensed under Federal laws. The

Prohibitionists have claimed that Col-

lector Page has placed obstacles in

their way, in violation of law. Mr.

Page first took the ground that no one

outside the office had a right to see the

list, but the Commissioner of Internal

Revenue on an appeal to him ordered

his subordinate to exhibit it. Then

when he found persons copying it he

took the ground that they could not do

this, and he obstructed inspection by

taking the lists away for so-called offi-

cial use, going so far as to send them

to United States District Attorney Bird

at Portland, where they were kept sev-

eral days. Citizens of Maine who were

denied the privilege of examining

them telegraphed the facts to Congress-

men Dingley. He brought the matter

to the attention of Commissioner Mil-

ler who has decided the points raised

as follows, and they are of interest in

1. That the list must be kept for pub-

subject only to reasonable temporary

actual official uses. 2. In making up

this list the Secretary, under the head

of "place," must give the street and

number where the tax payer proposes

to do business, if the streets of the

place have names and numbers. 3.

The list must give the names of the

persons who have paid special taxes. As in many cases Collector Page's lists

of the city liquor-dealers omit the street

and number and are otherwise defec-

tive, it is supposed he will be directed to fill out his lists in accordance with

SAM SMALL is preparing an organiza-

tion and uniform for the Prohibition

boys in the form of Cadets or some-

thing similar. It is just the thing

needed to make boys proud of being

Prohibitionists, and at the same time

be entitled for display in the cam-

Ir is said that the omission of any

reference to the liquor question in the

meant by the leaders of the Republican

party for a direct snub to the Anti-Sa-

these requirements.

paign.

loon League.

all States:

dents.

Pressing wine to the lips, Of the guest who brings you good cheer,

paupers and then tax sober men to take are of them? If he's tipsy to-day, If he's stone drunk by night, Is it right to license a saloon to teach What will his waiting mother say.
With lips trembling and white,
Of the custom that may
Break her heart, put her reason to flight. vice, and then tax people for schools to

touch vietna? Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends!

that destroy them?

Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink? Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license s place where he may be taught to gam-

IS IT RIGHT?

Is it right to build churches to save

men, and at the same time license shops

Is it right to license a man to sell

that which will make a man drunk,

and then punish the man for being

Is it right to license a man to make

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be

inflamed? Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license a place which

will ruin your neighbor's boy? Is it right to preach justice and char-Geo. W. Bungay, in National Temperance Adity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widows and orphans of

> their bread? Is it right for you to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully ?-Casselton Blizzard.

FROM A HIGH AUTHORITY.

Dr. N. S. Davis on the Professional and

Family Use of Alcoholic Stimulants. Mr. Edwin Higgins, president of the Maryland State Temperance Alliances, recently addressed an inquiry to Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, in regard to a newspaper report. Dr. Davis is one of the ablest medical authorities and most successful practitioners in the country, and presided over the recent International Medical Congress at Washing-

ton. He sent the following letter: "EDWIN HIGGINS, Esq. - Dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th inst. is received. What I did say at the Temperance Breakfast,' in Brighton, Eng., August, 1866, was that I had practiced medicine continuously fifty years, and that during the last forty years I had not prescribed or directed for internal use enough of any kind of fermented and distilled drinks to fill a pint cup. The fact is, it is many years since I altogether abandoned the use of all forms of alcoholic drink in the treatment of disease, and with positive benefit to my patients. In regard to substitutes for family use in emergencies, spirits camphor, aromatic spirits of ammonia, tea. coffee, are almost always at hand, and are more efficient for all proper purposes for which alcoholic liquors are usually resorted to in families.

Yours truly, N. S. Davis." Our Banner.

It has added greatly to the volume of trade, including the demand for wear The Prohibition party is not made up ing apparel, pianos, sewing-machines, of disappointed office-seekers. The carpets, furniture, etc., etc., also ingreat majority never sought or held office. They are in the main comeouters In fact, all branches of business have from the old parties because they could and a greatly increased prosperity, and the people have better security for their net longer remain in a party under salives, homes and property.

The above positively, clearly and unloon and personal liberty control on principle pure, simple Prohibition answerably prove that when prohibi- principle, "with malice towards none," after hanging on to their old party untion of the liquor traffic becomes genertil all hope of any efficient prohibit through their party died out, they now ness, poverty and crime will be almost work, pray and vote for prohibition, havunknown in the community, and the promised glorious good time will have | 11g washed their hands of saloon, politcome for the country. May God speed | ical iniquity and Sabbath repeal. There growing in numi the day, and each citizen realize his hibition political party with the right personal responsibility for its consum of way onward for the triumph or right as was the free soil party of its day and expecting their Abraham Lincoln in the near future to lead them on to vietory. If found best the name and organization can be changed, but probi-In connection with the enforcement bition of the saloon liquor traffic must of the prohibitory law of Maine is a come. Our flag is there. Prohibitioncheering report from Washington made ists are above price and won't scare. oublic a few days ago. There has for We are not careful about what old salong time been a contest between the loon party gets hurt, but go right on Prohibitionists of Maine and the Interfor the prohibition of liquor and saleon. nal Revenue Collector for that State. The saloon must go. - Cincinnati Light. Mr. Page, as to the right of the former to examine the list of liquor-dealers

An Anti-Monopoly Party.

What else can the Prohibition party be but an anti-monopoly party? Its very name indicates that it is meant to strike at every thing that is unjust or unfair. Monopolies of any kind is that to an extent and just so far as the welfare of the people demand in order that they have their righteous due so far our Prohibition party must go. In fact we are fighting the greatest monopoly fungus that has ever fastened upon our country, to-wit: the license system. It's the greatest curse because no good comes out of the trade, yet for a fee our Government sells to a man the right to carry on a business which only men with plethoric pocket-books can engage in .- Oshkosh Signal.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

FIVE-EIGHTHS of Kentucky is under local option.

THE majority against prohibition in Oregon was just 785, out of a total vote lie inspection, including copying in the of 47.931. collector's office during office hours, Ir is claimed that the Dow law of

> Ohio was originally drafted by the brewers of Cincinnati. CHARMAN SAMUEL DICKIE left the

> Republican party in 1872 on account of the Raster resolution.

> THE New York Prohibition Executive Committee are looking up the matter of publishing a city local paper. THE National Protection Association is getting up a bureau to sup-ply the speakers and to fight prohibi-

ALTHOUGH the "wets" carried Atlanta, the temperance people still hold office and have fixed the license fee at

A MOVEMENT is rapidly gaining ground in Hartford, Conn., to prevent aloons from being establish

factories. A SALOON-KEEPER is more interested in his own personal liberty to sell

whisky to your boy than he is in your liberty to protect your son .- People. Twelve cities in Missouri have gone

call for a National convention, was in favor of prohibition in the recent local option contests. Seven went against. Thirty-one counties have gone dry-Fifteen went wet

SELLU LIVEOR